

hungry like the wolf by RivalIsle

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Summary:

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“God, do you ever shut up?”

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“I like the enthusiasm baby, but you should save that for when we’re alone.”

Baby.

Steve’s brain short-circuited and he flailed, accidentally elbowing Billy in the stomach.

hungry like the wolf

Steve yawned and drummed his fingers on his desk, staring out the window. It was only his first day as a senior and he was already hating it. Sitting through lessons he didn't understand in subjects he didn't care about in a school that currently hated him. The aftermath of his breakup with Nancy involved two types of rumours: that he broke up with her and that she broke up with him. While the truth was somewhere in the middle, the former meant none of her friends would talk to him, and the latter meant all of his friends thought he'd turned bitch. Even his parents had left him for 3 months for his dad's new merger in Philidelphia. Senior year was shaping up to be his worst one yet.

Only 9 months, 29 days, 6 hours and 38 minutes left.

37 minutes.

36 minutes.

35 minutes.

The door to the classroom swung open and a smooth voice rang out. "Sorry I'm late."

Steve looked up to see the most attractive man he'd ever seen in his entire life. A curly blonde mullet fell to broad shoulders. Steve's eyes widened as his gaze landed on the large strip of chest that the boy's partially unbuttoned shirt revealed. His tight jeans left little to the imagination when he walked to the front of the class to introduce himself.

"Hey, I'm Billy Hargrove. Moved here a few weeks ago from sunny California. I can't wait to explore all the... pleasures Hawkins Highschool has to offer." He grinned lazily as his gum popped, eyeing a few of the girls.

Said girls giggled. Mrs. Click pointedly coughed and thanked him, announcing that she expected everyone to show him a warm welcome. She gestured for him to sit at the empty desk beside Steve.

Billy sauntered over and plopped down in the seat. He turned to Steve expectantly and it took a second for him to realise he should introduce himself.

“I’m Harrington. Steve. Steve’s my first name, Harrington’s my last. Michael is my middle name if you were wondering.” His face burned as he held out his hand and prayed to anyone listening that Billy had gone temporarily deaf and was spared that embarrassing display.

Billy looked at him amusedly before shaking his hand slowly, placing his left hand adorned with a silver ring over top. Steve felt weird looking at Billy’s hands dwarfing his. He felt like he was delicate. He didn’t know if he liked it.

Mrs. Click called their attention to the board and resumed her lesson. The rest of the time passed uneventfully, his entire class (Steve included) trying to discretely ogle the new student who looked like a Teen Beat centrefold. It seemed like Billy could tell as he smirked and stared straight ahead. Maybe this year would be a bit interesting after all.

After the period ended Billy turned to Steve as they were packing up. “Do you mind pointing me in the direction of the gym? I don’t want to be late for two classes in a row.”

“Yeah, I actually have gym next period too. We can go together.”

Billy leaned towards Steve and a shark’s grin spread across his face. “Perfect.”

Steve gulped, suddenly finding his pencil case extremely interesting. He had no idea how this boy made such normal things sound so dirty. How he made Steve *feel* dirty. The two made their way through the halls while the new boy asked about the parties in Hawkins. Apparently, Steve was now his designated guide. He didn’t mind, it was nice to talk to someone who didn’t know where he broke his leg in fourth grade or who he kissed at the Snowball dance or that his ex had already moved on to another guy.

When they got to the gym Mr. Wright had Billy introduce himself again. This time he was decidedly less flirty. Mr. Wright announced

that they were starting their basketball unit and split them into two teams. Billy kept his stance loose, at a glance he might have looked like he wasn't taking the game seriously. But not a single shot got past him, and half of the other team's passes turned into his breakaways. He somehow always knew exactly where to position himself.

Steve discovered that not only was Billy one of the best players in the class, but he had a mouth too. His trash talk was constant and it even compelled a few of his teammates to join in. Mr. Wright had to break up three fights in the first hour of class, which was two more than usual. At half time he flung his shirt onto the bench and Steve drank in the miles of sweaty, toned muscle on display. If he wasn't currently doing porn, he should start.

When the second half began Tommy passed the ball to Steve who dribbled towards the basket. Billy met him immediately. He turned to protect the ball and pushed back against the other boy's chest, trying to get closer to the net.

"Look at you go, Harrington, dribbling all by yourself like a big boy. It's nice your team let you play with the ball for a bit."

Steve resolutely ignored him and searched for an open pass but Billy's arms curled in to block his line of sight. He was sure this was at least two types of fouls.

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"I like the enthusiasm baby, but you should save that for when we're alone."

Baby.

Steve's brain short-circuited and he flailed, accidentally elbowing

Billy in the stomach. The boy fell to the ground, his expression of shock quickly morphing into a shit-eating grin. Steve recovered enough brain cells to take the opportunity and drive to the net, sinking a layup. His team cheered and he jogged back to Billy who still sat on the gym floor smiling. Steve sheepishly offered him a hand and Billy grabbed it. As he stood he used Steve's grasp to tug him closer.

Billy placed a hand on Steve's shoulder and winked.

Steve was confused.

Then Steve received an uppercut straight to his solar plexus.

He crumpled to the ground, wheezing, while Billy ran back to his team to start the next play. Mr. Wright barked at Steve to get up or sub out, so he crawled off the court and took a seat next to the usual bench-warmers. On one hand, it seemed fair that they'd both winded each other. On the other hand, Billy was being an asshole and Steve had only elbowed him accidentally. He couldn't tell if this kid hated him or if he was just messing around.

Steve spent the rest of gym trying not to stare at Billy's abs while seriously questioning his sexuality. At one point Billy sunk a 3-point shot and made direct eye contact with Steve as he obscenely licked his lips. He'd only know him for a few hours and he could already tell Billy was an arrogant, obnoxious, self-obsessed asshole. Steve told this to boner. His boner wouldn't listen.

When the period ended Steve stared at his locker while changing. He could feel a pair of eyes burning into the back of his head but he refused to look. He didn't even consider showering, he power-walked straight out of the locker room and prayed he didn't have yet another class with Billy.

Luckily he didn't see the boy in any of his classes for the rest of the day. News of him quickly spread around the school. By lunch people were saying he came to Hawkins because he got kicked out of his school in California. By the end of the day he was an ex-juvie kid who was still running from the law.

A few weeks passed and Steve saw less of Billy as the new boy met more people and quickly rose in popularity, especially among the Hawkins girls. Steve even noticed a few moms hanging around his car at the end of the day. Even though he'd heard stories about Billy's numerous conquests with the girls in their grade (and a few below), he never heard about the same girl twice.

Steve was quietly picking at his bolognese sandwich in the cafeteria one Thursday afternoon when he heard a stampede of kids running down the hall screaming about a fight. Steve followed half of the cafeteria out into the hall where there was a crowd growing around two figures he could barely make out. As he elbowed his way closer, he was unsurprised to see Billy smashing Tommy's face into the floor. Tommy landed a knee to Billy's groin, making him topple over to the side. He looked hopeful that the fight was over until Billy rose to his knees and a sick grin spread over his face.

Luckily for Tommy, before Billy could lunge at him a few teachers shoved their way through the circle to break up the fight, yelling at the rest of the students to go back to their lunches. Steve turned to leave and caught Billy's eye. He looked feral, his hair mussed and his shirt ripped wide open as he panted heavily. His smile was gone, replaced with a look of pure hunger. He stared back at Steve while being dragged away by two teachers. Billy's gaze felt hot and suffocating. They didn't break eye contact until Billy rounded a corner and was out of sight.

Steve spent the rest of the day trying not to think about the bulge in Billy's pants.

The next morning as Mrs. Birch was collecting their homework for AP history Steve cursed as he remembered exactly where it was (on the dining table beside his mug of coffee and half-eaten banana). When she arrived at his desk he tried to tell her he *had* finished it and just left it at home, but this was his third time missing homework and he knew that meant detention.

Detention on a Friday would have normally pissed Steve off, except he didn't have much else to do other than smoke and listen to the new Talking Heads album. Maybe he could even get his book report done before the weekend. So Steve shrugged it off and went back to

reading about Article 1 Section 3 of the Constitution.

When it was the end of the day Steve grabbed his copy of *To Kill a Mockingbird* and walked to detention. When he arrived he felt his stomach drop as two steel blue eyes looked up at him. Billy was seated at the back, the only other kid in the room. He grinned and jerked his head over to the seat on his left. Steve was hesitant but it was the first time since junior year that someone had asked him to sit beside them. He caved and went over to Billy, setting his stuff down.

Mr. Davis shuffled in and gave the two boys his usual lecture about using detention to reflect upon their behaviour. He made them repeat three times that he was just across the hall and would hear any funny business going on. Then he left, saying he'd be back in an hour to dismiss them.

Steve settled in as he opened up his book and pulled out his notes. It was about five minutes until he felt the first little flick of something hitting his right shoulder. He looked over to see Billy reclined in his seat with his boots on the desk, a straw dangling in between his plush lips.

"Spitball, real mature Hargrove," Steve grumbled as he hunched over his book, trying to re-focus.

As soon as Steve finally started to get into the book again he felt another spitball hit his wrist and break his concentration. He decided ignoring Billy was the best option since he obviously just wanted a rise out of Steve. But after the fourth time, Steve finally turned to glare at Billy.

"You're cute when you're angry, Harrington." Billy smiled and Steve noticed his canines dug into his bottom lip.

Steve's face grew hot. "What's your damage man? Can I just do my work?"

Billy rose and walked over to Steve, picking up his book and sitting on his desk.

"So how do you kill a mockingbird?" Billy teased, flipping through

the pages.

“It’s just the title, it’s about a kid whose dad’s a lawyer. Can I have it back now?” Steve huffed, trying to seem unbothered by Billy’s proximity.

Billy arched an eyebrow at him before throwing the book over his shoulder. Steve groaned and stood to retrieve it but Billy stuck out his leg, propping it up on the adjacent desk so Steve was barred from the book.

He rolled his eyes and turned to Billy. “What do you want?”

“I’m bored Harrington. Entertain me.”

“Sounds like your problem. Now fucking move,” Steve demanded, shoving Billy’s leg out of the way.

He walked over to the novel and bent down to pick it up when he felt a sharp slap on his ass. Steve let out an embarrassing squeak then whirled on Billy and shoved him back.

“What the fuck was that?” Steve seethed.

Billy grinned and in a second Steve was pushed up against the wall by his collar with the leering in his face.

“Not my fault you’ve got a better ass than half the girls at this school,” Billy growled, then licked a stripe up Steve’s cheek.

“Gross man, get off of me.” Steve struggled against Billy’s hold. He didn’t budge.

“You ever eaten a girl’s ass, Harrington?”

Steve squirmed as far away from Billy’s stupidly gorgeous face as he could. He didn’t want to tell him anything about his sex life but the look on his face gave it away when Billy chuckled.

“No, you were with that uptight little bitch, she probably only let you have her pussy, right?”

Once again, Steve tried not to let Billy get a rise out of him and said nothing, schooling his features as he tried to look at anything but the other boy.

“Or...” Billy’s voice grew condescending as he pouted his lips. “Did she not let you touch her at all, hm? Maybe just a little kissing, some over-the-bra-under-the-shirt action.”

Steve didn’t dare move a muscle. He was scared of what Billy might do, or worse, what he himself might do.

“Want me to teach you how to eat pussy, Harrington? It’d be a shame if those pretty lips went to waste.”

At this the other boy’s thumb pressed down on Steve’s lower lip, parting them slightly. He seemed distracted then snapped out of it, looking back up at Steve with fiery eyes.

“You gotta be sweet to her all evening, start with some kissing.” Billy leaned into Steve’s neck and placed a surprisingly gentle kiss just under his ear.

His eyes flicked up, gauging Steve’s reaction. He wasn’t breathing as he tried very hard to will his boner down.

Billy placed another kiss slightly below the first one, this time letting his tongue lave over the small spot. He sucked at a few more spots before suddenly biting and Steve let out a stifled moan, quickly slapping a hand over his mouth. He could feel the other boy’s grin against his neck as he straightened and lifted Steve’s hand off his mouth.

“You want her all worked up, want to get her cunt wet for you.” Steve blushed deeply, he couldn’t decide if he was more scared of Billy continuing or stopping.

One of Billy’s hands drifted slowly from Steve’s collar to his ass, cupping it lightly at first then beginning to squeeze.

“Fuck baby.” Billy groaned, knocking his forehead against the wall as he groped Steve’s ass.

It occurred to Steve that he finally felt like he had regained some semblance of power. Billy's hold on him was much looser now, and he was clearly distracted. He could probably push him off if he wanted to.

Steve tried his best to ignore the confusion, fear, and disgust he felt when he realised that no, he didn't want to.

So he did the only thing that he could think of and mumbled "Then what?"

Billy blinked up at him, his momentary confusion quickly replaced by a wolfish grin as he purred, "Then you pull her panties down, nice and slow."

He began to unbutton Steve's jeans and his hips involuntarily jerked up, searching for more attention. The other boy stared down hungrily at the prominent bulge now freed from its denim prison. He reluctantly brought his attention up to Steve's face and spread two fingers over Steve's lips to form a V.

"Then you make her see stars."

He licked into his mouth and Steve gasped. and Billy took advantage of it to deepen his kiss. At the same time, he snaked a hand into Steve's boxers and began to lazily pump his cock. Steve felt like he was drowning and burning all at once. He'd made out with people and had gotten a few handjobs before, but he'd never felt remotely close to how he did with Billy. If his past exploits were microwavable Kraft Dinner then Billy was a 5 star Michelin mac and cheese with a baked breadcrumb crust. Steve may have been a bit hungry.

Then Billy reached down to gently massage his balls and Steve felt a whole new type of hunger. He twined his hands into soft blonde hair that he'd wanted to touch for weeks and tugged hard. Billy groaned into Steve's mouth and broke away, a string of spit connecting their lips before it snapped when the other boy spoke.

"I'm being real nice to you and that's what I get in return, baby? We've got to teach you some manners." He nipped Steve's ear before reaching both hands under his ass and lifting him up in one swift

motion.

Steve tried not to think about how easily Billy carried him as the two moved to a nearby desk where he set Steve down.

“Turn over for me, sugar.” Billy crooned, grabbing Steve’s hips and flipping them.

His stomach and chest now lay on the desk while his ass stuck out and the other boy took the opportunity to land a few spanks. Steve choked out a moan and something that sounded a lot like “Please”.

Billy pushed his jeans and boxers down until Steve’s ass was exposed. He heard something being dragged across the room and looked over his shoulder to see the other boy settling into a chair behind Steve as he openly stared at his ass, licking his lips.

Steve squirmed under the attention, reaching behind to cover himself when Billy grabbed both his wrists in one hand and held them behind his back. He gave a filthy smile before grabbing Steve’s ass with his free hand and biting hard into a cheek. Steve bit out a curse and was about to yell at Billy to take it easy when he felt a hot wet tongue lick into him. He felt like a puppet whose strings had been cut. Steve collapsed onto the desk, his head lolling over the side as he fought to muffle the sounds coming from him.

The boy ate him out like he kissed, keeping his lips soft and plush while his tongue dragged torturously around the outside of his hole. Then Billy started to fuck his tongue into Steve’s hole and he nearly screamed, ripping one hand free from Billy’s grasp to shove it in his mouth.

He pulled off. “You like that, baby?”

Steve could hear the smug satisfaction in his voice that he didn’t want to feed so he said nothing, instead subtly pushing his ass back into Billy’s face. Then he felt Billy grab his hair and tug his head up, leaning forward so he was right in his ear.

“I asked you a question, princess. And when someone asks you a question -- ” He used his free hand to spank Steve, who squealed,

“You answer it.”

“Yes yes please yes I like it,” Steve babbled, it was like a dam had broken and he couldn’t stop the words coming out of his mouth.

Billy seemed appeased and continued his onslaught, alternating between slow licks and tongue-fucking. Steve could do nothing but take it as he moaned and writhed and tried not to drool onto the desk.

Then Steve felt something huge and blunt at his entrance and he whipped his head around, about to tell Billy he was absolutely not fucking him in detention when he saw one of Billy’s thick fingers pushing into his hole.

“Fuck, why does that feel so big?” Steve groaned, dropping his head down.

“Because you’ve never had anything up here.” The boy stated matter-of-factly. “You aren’t ready for my cock yet but I wanna see you cum on my fingers.”

Steve whimpered at that and Billy ducked his head in again, sliding his tongue in along with the finger. Slowly, Billy watched his index finger sink into Steve and groaned when he’d bottomed out. He spat on his hole and started to gently pull his finger in and out.

At first it felt really weird to Steve. Nothing had ever gone up *there*, and currently Steve didn’t want to think about the only things that had come out. Billy seemed to sense this and as he added another finger he rose to lave kisses and hickies down Steve’s neck.

“You open up so nice for me baby. Fucking tight ass.”

Steve shivered as the praise made his stomach flutter. Of course Billy could still make him blush with two fingers in his ass. Slowly the awkwardness became tolerable and then good and then great. Billy added a third finger and began to thrust harder, probing around. Suddenly Billy brushed something inside him and Steve let out a startled moan, turning to look back at Billy, confused.

The other boy only grinned back and braced his left hand on the

table. He found the spot again, starting to jackhammer his fingers and Steve finally understood what mind-numbing pleasure meant. He felt suffocated in the best way, his eyes rolled back and he let out a wail so loud that Billy's other hand brought itself to his mouth.

Steve knew he was saying things into Billy's palm but he had no idea what, only that this was better than any drug he'd ever taken or game he'd ever won or girl he'd ever kissed. He felt his dick leaking onto the desk, the wooden friction hurt but he didn't want it to stop.

"Princess," Billy grunted out, "I'm going to take my hand off your mouth, I need you to be quiet for me, yeah?"

While Steve could hear Billy, it felt like he was underwater and could make out the sounds and shapes of the words but could put no meaning to them. Billy gave an exasperated sigh and grabbed Steve's pencil case, shoving it into his mouth as best he could before removing his hand.

The boy moved his hand from Steve's mouth to wrap around his neck. He gave a firm squeeze and Steve's orgasm hit him like a freight train.

Billy didn't seem to notice, he kept thrusting his fingers in and out until the friction of the desk on his sensitive cock was too much and he begged Billy to stop.

The other boy slowed reluctantly and looked confused until Steve reached down and swiped two globs of cum off the desk, showing it to Billy. He didn't trust himself to speak.

Billy made a choked sound in the back of his throat and whispered, almost reverently "Did... did you just cum untouched?"

Steve nodded, ashamed, but Billy just smiled and unzipped his own jeans, "God you're so perfect, fucking made for me."

He pulled Steve back a bit so his dick was safe from the desk's assault and started to pump his fingers into Steve while he used his other hand to stroke himself. Steve started to whimper again, but now that he'd come he had enough working brain cells to bite his lip and stifle

his moans.

Billy pinched his ass and growled, "Let me hear you, baby."

Steve hesitantly let out a few sounds until Billy spanked him hard and Steve started to whine Billy's name over and over.

"Fuck, keep saying my name like that, sugar. Sound so goddamn good, just like a girl."

He would have been offended at that comparison if he didn't feel a warm splash of cum landing on his ass. Steve felt filthy and used and incredible.

The two both stood there for a while, panting and basking in orgasmic afterglow. Finally, Steve was more grossed out than turned on by the now cold and sticky cum on his ass and asked Billy to get him some tissue. When he returned with the tissues he surprised Steve by gently wiping down his ass for him and flipping Steve over to do the same to his dick before tucking him back into his pants.

He wiped down the desk and threw the tissues out, then pulled out a comb and started to fix his hair. Steve was still a bit shocked. He didn't know how to breach the conversation he wanted to have, or even what exactly he wanted to say.

"You're thinking too much. Stop." Billy huffed from his desk where he'd returned to.

"Am I gay?" Steve blurted out, mildly horrified.

Billy shrugged and asked "Who cares? I enjoyed myself and you *clearly* enjoyed yourself and it's going to happen again, so you can say you're gay or straight or a little bit of both or a fucking elephant. Doesn't make a difference."

Steve frowned, "That may be the wisest thing you've ever said, Hargrove."

They sat in silence for a while until Billy asked in a quiet voice "When did you, uh, finish?"

Steve tried to remember, “When you put your hand on my neck, I think.”

His eyes slid to Billy’s as he decided to test the waters a bit, “I really liked that. I think... I want you to choke me until I can’t breathe.”

Billy groaned and surged forward, mumbling something like “So fucking perfect” and Steve never wanted detention to end.

Author's Note:

thanks for reading, i will now dunk my head in holy water. loosely inspired by [I shouldn't like it so much](#) also if you are interested I have a billy hargrove playlist which you can listen to [here](#)!